

The Hot Wind Blowing

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Summary: Khamsin is really bored. Fortunately for him, a once in a lifetime event will cure him of his boredom.

The Hot Wind Blowing

****This idea just popped into my head one day, and I had to write it down. This is chapter 1 of 2. Currently I'm working on the second one, but it does not want to be written.****

****Here is fitting** **background music**:** [watch?v=ldrcvtzyXBY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ldrcvtzyXBY)

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><p>Khamsin was bored. Really bored. There was literally nothing to do, no one to kill, no objectives to complete. Hell, it boggled his mind why the rest of the Winds of Destruction were able to spread Freedom throughout this country, and he was stuck with guard duty. Guard duty for Christ's sake. Starting to pace around, he continued his musings. He was a powerful commander, and he was stuck like this, doing absolutely _Jack shit. _Who the hell was the person who stationed him here in the first place?

Meanwhile, with mistral:

Mistral chuckled. Sam looked up, raised an eyebrow "What so funny?" She waved her hand in front her in a dismissive manner. "Nothing, it's noth-no-n" he couldn't finish her sentence, as deteriorated into paralyzing laughter, tears coming from her eyes as she clutched her sides. Sighing, Sam turned his head and looked out of the chopper. 'Women are strange' he thought.

Back to Khamsin:

"Gaah" Khamsin grunted in frustration as he kicked the wall hard, leaving a large dent. "Fuck you, wall" he muttered, as he stared to pace back and forth.

* * *

><p>Sierra 63 was currently running through a Covenant cruiser at speeds approaching 40 miles an hour. Dodging plasma bolts that were flying at her left and right, she tried to rush even faster to the door to the slipspace drive. An unlucky jackal was in her path, and was soon slammed into the wall behind him so hard that it left an indent.<p>

But despite her best efforts, the door changed to a red hue, indicating that it was locked. One white armored Elite jumped down from an upper level, and started firing with dual plasma rifles. Cursing in her head, she pulled out her two SMG's and sprinted for cover as her shields dropped to 50%.

The cover she was heading for was currently inhabited by grunts. Sierra 63 was about to remedy this. She Unloaded her SMG's on the group as she ran, spent shell casings flying around her. Some tried fighting back, firing their tiny plasma pistols, but under the hail of heavy fire couldn't aim properly and were soon cut down. The lone survivor panicked, and ran as fast as he could away from the 'Demon'. She let it run, it wasn't worth her time anyway. Loading both of her remaining clips into her SMG's, she charged the elites position firing both 'bullet hoses'

Shields flickering, the Elite fired back with Plasma bolts as the Spartan sprinted towards his position, her shields taking a pounding. Their shields dropped at the same time, and contently enough that's when she ran out of ammo.

Throwing her guns down, she started running to said elite and pulled her knife out. Seeing that it was probably going to die, it pulled a plasma grenade out of its belt, hoping to take the Spartan out with him. Before he could prime the grenade, she stabbed through his wrist with her knife and forced his arm down. Screaming in pain, it tried to ignite the grenade. Before he could, she plucked it out of his hand, primed it, and shoved it in his mouth. Kicking him away, she watched as he defiantly roared one last time before the grenade exploded, disintegrating his head and sending him flying.

Taking a moment to rest, she glanced at the dead body. What was once a head was now a shortened stump, attached to a charred lump of mass that was once a body. Looking away from the grim spectacle, she noticed that the entire room was filed with mutilated corpses.

Shaking her head, she sighed. Ditching her SMG's, she picked up the Plasma Rifles the Elite had wielded. She started for the door because for some reason, now that she killed all the Covenant troops, it could open.

As it slid open, on the other side was a grunt. The very same grunt that ran. A very terrified grunt at that. Letting out a scream, it threw its arms in front of itself in a vain attempt to protect him from the 4 ton demon in front of his tiny form. But the attack never came. Uncrossing his arms, he stared at the monstrosity in front of him. She knelt down in front of him, so she was looking him in the eyes through her visor. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she picked him up, and moved him to the side, so he was out of the way.

Then she proceeded to continue her sprint towards the reactor.

* * *

><p>The reactor was very ominous looking to say the least. And the noise pouring from it was less than comforting. It was the kind of sound that resonated with you, and rumbled the objects around you. Taking it out should be relatively easy though, all she had to do was place the C7 (Because I assume that they've developed something beyond C4) on the device, set it to blow and get out. 'Nothing is ever that easy' she thought as she pulled out the explosive from her back. Typing in numbers into the key pad, she placed it onto the reactor. Pressing the timer button, she turned around to leave.<p>

Conveniently, an elite sprinted in to the reactor room for some reason or another, and seeing the Demon roared and fired his Fuel Rod Cannon. Sierra 63 was able to dodge the green ball of plasma, but failed to realize where it was going until it was too late. As the Round whizzed towards the C7, the last thought that went through her head was: 'Oh shit'.

* * *

><p>It what the hell is this? There is no one around the entire base?! The fuck was that shit! Stopping from his two hour trek around the compound, he stood unsure of how to cure his boredom.<p>

His eyes snapped to the sky as he caught something in his peripheral vision. A stationary small blotch of black appeared almost directly over his head. It wasn't connected to anything, it was just _there_.

"What-"

Suddenly the earth shook as the blotch started opening up into massive vertical portal the sky. Khamsin stood in awe, unaffected by the tremors this thing was giving off as nearby building shuddered and partially collapsed. How is this even possible? The sheer _size_ of this thing was beyond belief! His vision turned to the center of the... _thing_, as something fell out of it. He didn't get a good look, but he saw it was armored.

"Well, what do we have here?" Khamsin was grinning ear to ear. A fight was just what he needed!

Sprinting off in the direction he last saw it, it wasn't long before he saw the figure standing up inside of a crater. It had grey armor, and stood at about 8ft tall and it was already turned toward him, as if it expected him. He decided to speak up.

"Think you're hot shit with that fancy armor doncha'?" The armored figure turned didn't respond.

"I'm happy to inform you that your on private property, and I'm authorized to use deadly force to keep people off of it."

The armored figure still had no response. "Well then" Brandishing his hammer in front of him Khamsin's eyes narrowed "I guess you understand the situation then" The asshole (As Khamsin now dubbed it)

brought up two strange weapons of a bluish purple hue that seemed to radiate light. With a chuckle he added "Heh, wanna fight me with glowsticks?" Tenceing, he prepared to charge.

"Your funeral then."

Well, that was chapter one! Feedback would be nice, so please drop a review. Thanks for reading! Sgt. Rill signing off.

End
file.